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MADRID, March 7, 1873. Those who fancy this Republic grew in a night, a spontaneous mounting up of a new form of government, an earthquake republic, everthrowing the monarchy and the old institutions in a velcanic way, do not understand Spain. The dazed manner in which Europe now stares at the phenomenon shows how deeply a superstition of this kind is rooted in European minds. Spain for generations has been marching step by step towards the Republic. Somehow since that French Revolution the trade of kings has not been a prosperous calling, and even in slow, conservative Spain loyalty has had the canker worm eating. eating away. I have heard it said that up in Oregon and British Columbia countries there are cedar trees that may be called monarchs of the There is an insect so small that it can scarcely be seen without a microscope which bores its unseen way into the bark of these stately trees, and there lives and feeds, making no visible impression upon the comeliness and grandeur of the tree until its work is done and the tree falls with a crash, and you learn that all life had been silently eaten away. So it has been with monarchy it gin. There were the absolute monarchs-King Ferdinand the Last. Well, King Ferdinand is the Prince who ran away from his palace and made the unholy compact with Napoleon. In spite of her monarch Spain saved herself. This disappointment was the first step. When the King died there came Isabella and a limited monarchy. All divine right pretensions were abated and Isabella ruled In imitation of Victoria. But her reign was one of disappointments, intrigues, court scandals and impetence. One favorite destroyed another, until some of them in turn combined and destroyed the strenuous effort postponed its birth, and from a limited monarchy Spain passed to a democratic monarchy, with Amadeus at the head, a prince o many noble qualities. But Amadeus could not plant his throne in a soil where loyalty to kings had no life. And he fell-and the Republic came. So you mark the four steps which Spain has taken in this century. Absolute menarchy under Ferdinand, limited monarchy under Isabella, democratic monarchy under Amadeus and the Republic.

THE PIONEER OF THE END CAME. One is reminded of the growth of emancipation in America and of free trade in England when he observes the Republic phenomena in Spain. You remember how Bright and Cobden fought the battle of free trade against the combined efforts of the landed, agricultural and aristocratic interests of England-how they fought it through evil report and delamation and contumely-to win in the end amid applause of nations. You remember how in our own early anti-slavery times Benjamin Lundy. William Lleyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips were ostracised, denounced, mobbed because of their devotion to the cause of freedom. But they won, and the world honors them as valiant men, who fought the good fight and finished their work The same battle has been continued in Spain, and I have been deeply interested in comparing the progress of republicanism in Spain with that of free trade in England and emancipation in the United States. Have you heard or Orense? . Well, it is a name now in many mouths as one loved and honored by Spanish men. Orense is a member of an old and noble family, and bears the title of Marquis of Albaisa. He was born a grandee, and was in the first rank of the Spanish aristocracy. He inherited weath. In his early days, even when Perdinand VII. was on the throne, he became an intense republican and gave himself to the advocacy of its doctrines with an energy, an enthusiasm and self-denial that recalls Ignatius Loyola and the early Spanish fathers. His life has been a struggle this principle. He spent his fortune in its advocacy. He has been imprisoned, persecuted, sent to the galleys. Again and again he has returned to his work. He is new an old man, and new men sprung up as his disciples-Figueras Geredo, Pi y Margall, Castelar and others. When the Republic came Orense was in exite, living in Bayonne. It was not given to him to crown the work, but he lived to see crowned, and by the hands of who were his disciples and children. Nor was this obligation forgotten. When Figueras-that memorable night when the Republic was bornarose to accept the Presidency his first words were in graceful compliment to Orense, whose absence they all deplored, and who alone was worthy to be the first President of the first republic in Spain. The first message written by Castelar was a despatch to Orense announcing that the dream of the old man's life had been realized and bidding him to return to Spain to see what a blessed thing had And in a few days he came, and yesterday I saw him on the Calle San Geronim slowly pacing his way to the Cortes, his face dark and heavy with years and care, but his eyes clear and beaming. When he visited the Cortes the scene was even more emotional than is usual to Spaniards. The enthusiastic disciples of the new faith insisted upon making him President of the new Republic. Why not? Would any Spanish republican gentleman deny to the harquis of Albaisa this right? Would any republican, no matter how famed of powerful wear his hat or sit down in this presence? Never And so it was resolved that Orense, as first of the olicans, should be first of the Republic. But

time for work was passed; younger men must bear the burden of the day and he would assert his privileges of age and look on and give counsel.

SUNNY HOURS AND THOUGHTS.

Do not laugh at these things, wise and grave men who live in profound America and know what a republic is and who despise sentiment about it. You see, we here, who have founded this Republic, are new commonwealth—as we see the marvellous heavens above us, cloudless, bright—that soft, radiant glow that you only have in Spain. Yes, like this noble, blue blending sky, now enfolding fair Madrid, and never a tint but the rosy golden lines that mark where the sun has risen, the Republic has come, and we are in an entranced condition. And we lack no ceremony. And all things shall be well forever and evermore. And Spain will move on in that splendid destiny which God has ordained for her. And now that we have offered the seat of honor to the Marquis of Albaisa, as due to him, what next? Why, to be sure, there are the United States of America. "We are trying to find a Minister for Washington," said one. "There are so many worthy men, but we must send the most worthy." "Truly," I said, "such a man would be welcome to Washington." "Well, we think of sending Señor So-and-So. He is a most worthy man. He has been imprisoned seven times for his opinions. He was a republican in the most stormy days, and Castelar and all the students used to go and hear him speak. He lives an austere, simple life. His fortune is nothing, for he has given his life to republicanism. He is the most economical man in Congress. He denounces people by name who will not pay their taxes—the Marquis of So-and-So the other day, among others. He is extreme in his opinions, I am sure I don't just know what his opinions are. You see when men of his stamp spend years in exile and in prison, and brood for twenty-five years, they are not quite certain what their opinions are. All the more reason for his going to America. There you are a brave, generous people, who like a man who has extreme notions. You will all fraternize with So-and-So. His poverty, his merit, his frugal, industrious life; his courage of opinion, his scorn of conventionality, his years of devotion to the cause will make him eminently fitted to represent the nation of Columbus in the Republic of Franklin." I am afraid I said that "my beloved fellow countrymen would welcome any citizen of Spain, even if he came in a homespun jacket, who represented the Republic." Could I say less? At the same time I would have recommended, had been asked to make so bold, the sending of a duke as Minister to Washington, with many titles, and in a bachelor state if possible. There is one duke especially, who is a descendant of Columbus, and dds to his income by raising wild bulls for the bull ring. I did not say so to my friend, for why should I dispel his sweet illusions? but I felt that a diplomatist of this class would have an astonishing success in our frugal, plain and unestentations capi tal, and that our Senators and members and Congressional mothers-in-law would welcome him more earnestly, I am afraid, than any homespun Franklin who meant to serve the Republic for nothing, and if necessary work for his living, and whose views on the Church did not correspond with those of Bishop Simpson or Archbishop

McCleskey. THE APOTHEOSIS OF THE REPUBLIC Fer now that this new sun has arisen, and all Spain is flooded with its glory, why should we not bathe in its radiance? After the long night—the Arctic night of monarchy-which has rested upon Spain for centuries, is it any wonder that the morning shall bring ecstasy? And if the morrow brings care-care and it may be strife-well! Let us drink the joy of this sunny hour. I went to a little play the other night, or, rather, pantomime, the time taken in all, perhaps, an hour. It was a small, dingy theatre, up one alley and down another. Those who looked at the play were of the grocer and nurserymaid class. Well, we had a dance! There were two young men and two maidens. One of the maidens was dressed in the Andalusian costume, and was free in her gestures. The other was dressed like a nun, with that sacred white cap, which American eyes always respect, whatever their faith may be. And the sight of a nun on the stage was certainly startling, in a Catholic country especially, as she was free in her motions and threw her garments about in an uncalled-for manner. One of the men was dressed like a volunteer, the other like a Spanish soldier of the line. By and by a Carlist came sneaking on the stage, carrying a gun. The Carlist wore his white bonnet, with a dangling red tassel. He raised his gun and fired. No one was hurt. The soldier drew his sword and a strife ensued. It was terrific. Mr. Booth as Richard III. could not have shown more agility or lusian maiden stele behind and ran a sword through the Carlist's body and he fell. All the time they were dancing. Then came the nun, car rying the Spanish flag, and with her foot on the preast of the prostrate Carlist raised the flag, while the others grouped around her in tableau and the curtain fell. There was much applause from the grocers and maidens, so much that the curtain arose and the combat was re peated. This was called "The Apotheosis of Spain." or the Republic, or some such fancy. And although plain and rude it showed how the hearts of the

people were beating. THREATENING CLOUDS.

But clouds were coming up, and thick, stormy weather, now even more threatening than before Will the poor Republic ever get upon its feet And were ever earnest, simple-minded men put under such a severe stress in the doing of a noble. manly work ?

THE SLAVE POWER IN ARMS. The monarchists had retreated, not surrendered. There were three days, you will remember-three days of labor like those assigned to Hercules. The first was the day of abdication, the second the day of the Republic, the third when, amid gloomy omens, the republicans compelled the retirement of the monarchical Ministers. This came from oversuspicion. It was akin to the old feeling of "suspect" seen in the French revolution. The Republie had come and no monarchical hands should have it in their power to destroy it. There was in many classes a profound feeling of dissatisfaction with the Republic. And here came the influence which exercised so much power in Americaslavery. While slavery does not exist in Spain is does exist in some of the colonies. It forms a large source of wealth. Many of the noblest families have their revenues in slave produce. It is slavery in the worst sense. The late King's Cabinet had pledged itself to destroy it, but the monarchy went out before the pledge was redeemed. The slaveholders killed the monarchy. In doing so, however, they gave life to the Republic-a thing far from their purpose. It was intended that Amadeus should die in order that Den Carlos or the Prince Alfonso should live. With either of these dynasties slavery would be safe. But neither of them came. In their place was the Republic, and at the head of the Republic Castelar, pledged to immediate and unconditional emancipation.

THE SLAVEHOLDERS' LEAGUE. Nor can I tell you the surprise and wender that came with this result. But the slaveholders were swift in action and council. When Amadeus, under the inspiration of a radical Ministry, declared his purpose to accomplish emancipation, they formed "a league," This league contained men of all dynasties-Carlists, Alfonsists and friends of Montpensier. They joined together, waiving their devotion to a prince in their devotion to slavery. The league raised great sums of money. Journals were subsidized, social influences were set to work, intrigues were fermented in the army, men who belonged to the league would have no relations with those who favored the dynasty or emancipation. Whatever dynasty came slavery must be sacred. So when the league confronted the Republic it was not abashed. It has warred upon the Republic-not directly, but indirectly. henever an influence could be found dissatisfied ambitious, powerful, the league shared in its hopes and griefs. It endeavored to induce a coup detat. Failing there it sought to make a breach between Zorrilla and his followers and plunge the country in anarchy. It made war upon the Republican Ministry because it contained radicals, and then upon to because radicals had no seat in the old grandes gently put saids the honor. His the Council, It has had one purpose alone—an-

archy. If anarchy would come the Republic would be damned. Working for one end, and with what is rarcly seen in Spain—abundance of money stimulated by the fear of losing valuable revenues in the West Indies, the members of the league have shown an amazing activity. And when every hope faded away of making war directly upon the Republic the efforts of the league were directed to the fomenting of trouble between the new Cabl net and the monarchists who had supported

THE MUCH-ASPIRING MARTOS. Nor was there much difficulty in encouraging this feeling. At the head of the radical party was the famous Cristino Martos. Martos is a full, roundfaced man, with an ambitious, vain and not a sincere countenance. He is a professor in the University, and as an orator is excelled only by Cas-While Castelar is inspiration and fire Martos is cold, clear, convincing statement, a marvellous pewer of expression, simple and forcible. He was a Minister under Zorrilla, in charge of Foreign Affairs, and never did anything but promise. When abdication came and Zorrilla would not take effice under the new Republic, nor even sit on its bench as a Minister for an hour, and when holding his party in hand he would have made terms with it, Martos in a critical moment arose, separated from his chief, took the with him and made the Republic. return for this he was made President of the Cortes—a disappointment to him, as he expected to be President of the Republic. But he took it all in good part, and was embraced and kissed by many deputies, and was the first to stand upon a bench and cry, "Live the Republic!" "Live the Cuba of Spain!" So he became President of the Spanish Cortes, but all men knew he was not satisfled. He had an office of dignity and he wanted the office of power. And waited his time. "MAKING THE ELECTIONS."

It was known also there would be a dissolution of these Cortes and the summoning of others to make a constitution. In Spain, as in France, who ever is in power can do a great deal towards "making the elections." In the first place, there is in every country (especially in those where affairs are as uncertain as in Spain) a large body of the people who do not care very much who is in power, so there be power and peace, and crops and a market for the oil and wine. This class is always sure to vote for the government. Then the local authorities-prefects in France, alcaldes here—have influence. They hold their power from the central authority, and they serve their masters by working for the success of their party. Thus in France whoever has control of the Home Department, and in Spain of the "Gubernacion," can have a vast and sometimes an absolute influence on the elections. This is what men call "making the elections."

THE RADICALS RESOLVE TO UNSEAT THE MINISTRY. As soon, therefore, as dissolution was breathed the Cortes saw that, with Pi y Margall in the Home Office and with power to "make the elections." a large part of its radical majority would not return. The general drift of the country was with the republicans anyhow. It would be hard, if not, perhaps, impossible, for any Home Secretary-Señor Sagasta himself-to defeat them, could be "make the elections." But many of them might come back with the aid of the government. Without its aid, and with a resolute republican statesman in the Home Office-such a man as Margall, with whom the Republic was a conviction, there would be little chance for most of them. Where a constituency was strong enough to beat the government candidate it would be strong enough to elect a Carlist or an Alfonsist and most assuredly would. This thought became manifest to the radical majority. They saw that in surrendering all to the republicans, in pro-claiming the Republic and then under pressure abandoning the Ministry, that they had virtually abnegated power. They became restive. Zorrills had retired from public life-from Spain. Martos was their leader. Martos had his own griefs and disappointed ambitions. The panic under which the radicals had been driven out of the Cabinet had passed away. The dread of defeat was present. The radicals had the power; why should they not use it? Above all things, why commit suicide? Why, among other things, should the Cortes give up power? There was the Assembly in France. Did it commit suicide merely because bidden so to do by M. Gambetta? No. remained together and saved the country. Here were men like Gambetta, anxious for power. They meant to dissolve the Cortes as the first step to wards power. Was that wise; and was it not time to pause and think coolly over matters and see if the party which ruled the Cortes could not rule Spain?

ARMING THE CITIZENS. Then came, as an interlocutory incident, what was known as the arming of the citizens. The -I do not mean the lower classes, but what the French would call the bourgeoisie-made up their minds that for the safety of the city they would arm and erganize. The government held that no bodies of men should take up arms unless by its orders. As most of the men who were arming were conservatives who could be counted on as "friends of order," the radicals approved of their course, and a leading member of the party, the young and gifted Marquis of Sardoval, brought the incident" into the Cortes. It is almost impossible o write seriously about the debate that ensued. The Marquis maintained that the residents of any and all of the streets of Madrid had the right to arm themselves and protect themselves on the highway; and if any bodies of men were seen where their presence was not agreeeble to the inabitants of the streets they could compel them to leave or are upon them. This preposition could easily be supported by precedents drawn from the customs of Northern Africa and the Indian nations of America. Castelar, who answered for the Ministry, could only oppose to the arguments of the arquis the absolute practices of all civilized nations which restricted the use of armed forces within limits sanctioned by law, and subject to constituted authorities the only guardians authorized by law. Mr. Suna de Capdevilla found these improvised companies of Home Guards very convenient, because he found himself in the same file with the Marquis de Sardoval. "That," said : friend, "is a legitimate compromise. It reminds me of Marat and Philip Egalite uniting to behead Louis XVI. Now, Louis XVI. Now, I suppose, we shall have opposition guillotines in the Banios, nanca and Antonio Martin, both to be worked by steam power, until the reds believed the monarchists, and the monarchists the reds. Meanwhile all of Castelar's phrases about fraternal good-feeling and mutual trust in the community and respect for the law will be affronting to all decent and honorable men." ANOTHER CRISIS.

So with one thing and another a cloud came up enacing the poor Republic darker than ever. All the sunshine suddenly passed away, and here was the blackest, dreariest night.

The government, as it had promised, introduced a measure declaring the elections for the constitutional Cortes, and dissolving the present body. It was announced late in the afternoon. That evening the radical leaders assembled under the command of Martos. Here was their chance—the very chance for which they were waiting. They would not dissolve. The government would of course resign. A new Ministry would come in power, a conservative republican Ministry, who would "make the elections." This new Ministry would satisfy the country with pledges-say or romise anything to keep the peace and secure the next Cortes. The caucus was not long in session. The clear, cogent, satisfying eloquence of Martos had its way, and under his lead the Ministry would fall and the radicals return to power. All kinds of combinations were proposed. Advances were made to Castelar. He was a patriot. He was th first orater in Spain. His influence over the repubhean party was unbounded. If he would remain with the Ministry what could be not have? He would save Spain. Castelar said he was a Minister of the Republic over which Figueras was President, and in honor he must stand or fall with his Cabinet. Rivero was besought to enter the new Ministry. He had heart enough, had his own grudge with the new party, but did not see anything but destruction to a Ministry who would dare to take a position so venturesome, for, whatever party controlled the Cortes, public opinion in Spain was altogether in proceded; but, somehow, all men shrunk from the Lorgetting, however, good, brave Don Fernands.

new combination. Behind this Cortes and its dominant radical majority was a public opinion, which had its patience sorely tried—which had been fodle and self-restraining thus far, but which was disposed to have no more compromises, no more delays; and men who knew Madrid began to look grave over the new symptoms that made themselves manifest.

A REPUBLICAN VIEW OF THE SITUATION. "For the first time since we had the Republic," said one who has lived here many years, "I begin have misgivings. The Spaniards are patient people, but when they do patience they become fleudish. There are all kinds of ugly names and signs. . The army cannot be depended upon. The republicans in the provinces are in better drill than here and more resolute. This sudden resolve to overthrow the Ministry is calculated to destroy all confidence in M. Martos and his friends. They came into the Republic late. They came in only when the King had gone and there was no other place-except to go with Zorrilla down to Portugal. They sed to support the new Republic. To that extent they were upon their good behavior. Now they break out into demonstrations of dissatisfac Some of them will not be returned. So they want to remain. But what does Spain care for one man or a hundred? Until we have a new Cortes, a new government, a steady, well-devised, satisfactory constitution, how can we have peace? how can we have recognition? England and France and Germany say, "Let us see if Spain really approves of the Republic before we recognize it." The republicans want to take Europe at its word, and appeal to Spain. And these ambitious politicians say, "No, we want power because we have the majority. And the people who believe in a Republic, and who compelled them to leave the Cabinet before, now feel like men exasperated, and say in their anger that if this Republic is crucified to gratify a majority of the Cortes, which is little nore than a remnant of the dynasty of Savoy, they will take affairs in their own hands."

MADRID GROWS ANGRY. We were walking slowly down the Alcaia when these words were spoken. There was unusual movement in the streets. Above all arose the cries and strange noises which one hears so late and so early in Madrid—the clamors of a clamorous city-We turned into one of the narrow, connecting streets that passed from the Alcala. It was raining-a light spray of rain-enough to dampen the earth, no more. There were groups here and there in wordy conversation. "This is the working class," said my friend. "You don't find them away from home unless there is a bull fight or a revolution." We went into a case—one of the largest in Madrid. It was crowded to excess. A republican Deputy, well known to me, and who had spoken many times in the gayest and cheerlest manner about the new Commonwealth, sunniest of all sunny men when the sun was shining, sat at his table, his coffee unsipped. Things were not happy, he said. The Republic did not go on smoothly. Affairs were worse and worse. All this came from trusting aristocrats. They had no heart with the people. Now they meant to overturn everything only because Martos was not Prime Minister. The Republic needed peace-peace and recognition. Europe must be compelled to accept it. And now we were being dragged into a crisis more dangerous because more unnecessary than any other, But this would be the last-no more trifling. We passed from the cast toward the Cortes The issue was in debate. The thin rain had sharpened and increased and the night was cold and muddy. But around the Cortes was a dense body of men-men of the working class. Now and then there was a cry of "Viva la Republica !" but, like Spanish crowds, mainly it was sullen. When a member wao was known as a republican entered or departed from the Cortes he was cheered. When one of the other class appeared cheers were given for the Republic and Figueras and Castelar. The lights from the Cortes palace lell upon the crowd and gave it a flickering, uncertain character. The night was dark, and it looked larger than it really was. The voices in the air made a constant hum. that came on the air like a harsh growl. As we walked up the Cortes stairs we looked out from a window. "What a monster a mob is!" said my friend, and, with a pause, "What a glant the people is-so gentle and patient, and yet so savage and strong!"

THE ANXIETY OF PRESIDENT MARTOS. So into the palace of the Deputies, where the eye saw a flushed and angry scene. The Cortes was unusually full. Martos was in the chair. The Ministers were on their bench. The republicans were unusually excited. Why follow the debate? You have read it all by telegraph, and I confine myself to the color of the scene. Martos was uneasy. When an excited member ran into a violence of rhetoric he rasped out a sharp, querulous speech other purpose, one thought, than to tranquilize his mind. He was in sore perplexity. He alone had called the opposition into being. His mind had developed the new danger to the Republic. His ambition had agitated Spain and now threatened its peace. The party he had led to the Rubicon was only too anxious to cross. But would he, could he lead it? Beyond the Rubicon was-what? He had only to go to the palace window and see the giant outside, an angry, growling giant, that might arise in wrath as giants of that species had arisen before. Of course he was in power in that chamber. The Ministers were in his power. But he knew, and so did the clear minds in that hall, that Figueras or Castelar or Margali had only te send a despatch to a dozen centres and to-morrow Spain would rise under his feet in insurrection. And where would insurrection end? He had made a venture for supreme power in Spain-for his party's supremacy-to "make the elections" and be perhaps the Thiers of Spain. But no one had joined him in his venture-none of the men outside of his party who could be heard in Spain. So the hours passed on with a debate as loud and senseless as the clanging of bells. As the night grew Martos saw more and more clearly where he was drifting. About nine o'clock, amid the most profound silence, he left the chair. MARTOS ABANDONS HIS PARTY AND IT FALLS.

He left the chair, said a word or two to Figueras in a whisper, which seemed to calm the President's troubled face, moved over to a Deputy's bench and sat down quite alone and looked up at the blazing lights. Another Deputy had the floor and amid exultant cheers from the republican benches was depicting the horrors and dangers of the impending revolution and the awful responsibility assumed by men who, for their ambition, would imperil the Republic. Some of the radicals came to Martos, and there was a hurried and not a satisfactory consultation. At length he arese and began his speech. Winding in and out of his subject-now advancing a proposition only to recede from it, fortifying his attitude with every feature and phrase of rhetoric at his command, recognizing that for Spain all must yield all—he abandoned his pledges, his party and their dearly laid scheme, and amid the cheers of the republicans, the groans of one portion of his followers and the silence of others he announced that he withdrew from his opposition to the government, and would support the proposed measure of dissolution. There was, of course, a painful, exciting scene. Martes, as leader of the radical party, had advised this opposition, had led its members into it, had done so solely from his ambition, and now, without consulting his party, had suddenly abandoned his ground. Some of his followers reproached him; others left the chamber; others announced that they had resigned from th Cortes. The radical party, which came into power not a year ago, to save Spain, establish a reformed monarchy and plant Amadeus on the throne—this party, which sought power amid the prayers and hopes of liberal Europe, fell in a night, fell in anger and strife and sore dismay, and again the Republic was triumphant. THE MIDNIGHT SPEECH OF CASTELAR.

Amid these angry scenes the vote was taken, the

government was supported by an almost unanimous vote-a hundred members, I should think, not voting at all, and the Congress adjourned in a fever. The crowd was cheering outside. As republican after republican passed out they were heered by name. "Viva Don Fernando Geredo, said the crowd as that famous and bold republican came to the door. "No, no," he said, "don't cheer for me; cheer for Spain and principle." And the

When Castelar came there was a rush and clamor ous cheering. This was the darling of the peo now they could fraternize. Castelar quietly freed himself and stood up on a ledge or balcony and spoke, his marvellous voice sounding in night like a chiming silver bell. "Friends," he said, "I am sorry to see you here. It is not well that the people should assemble around the place where the Cortes sits. It is against the law. Republicans, you must trust your representatives, you must observe the law and respect these who make it. You must not seem to coerce or influence the Cortes. This gathering seems to be for that purpose and I deplore it. I beg you to depart, to go home, to go in peace. Trust those who have given you liberty, who mean to give you more liberty. Again I be seech you to disperse, to go home, and feel that all is well with Spain, and that the Republic is safe.' The cries arose for Castelar and the nation, but the words of the young orator were heeded, and in a few minutes the crowd had scattered, and Madrid once more slept peacefully under the sembre, gloomy night and the dreary patter of the rain.

Dangers Beset the Republic.

Last night there was a reception at the house of

the British Minister which gave unmistakable evidence that all the brilliant world of Madrid has

MADRID, March 11, 1873.

not yet run away, though, as you already know, the emigration has been very great. There I heard political topics pretty freely discussed, and I send you the summary of what I remember of this general interview with everybody. Ex-Ministers, Senators and actual Deputies admitted that in the present government there are able men. All declared Figueras, Castelar and Pi y Margall to be actuated by honest motives. This from many po litical epponents seemed high praise; but, having paid this compliment, my informants generally insisted that the Republic, despite some talent in its management cannot last. All were of the same opinion, but considerable difference was exhibited respecting the probable duration of the present crisis. It is unnecessary to relate in detail the sentiments, the hopes and fears expressed by each person with whom I conversed. A résumé of the information I gleaned from all will suffice. The new election, it is asserted, will return a federal majority, but that must not be taken as the real expression of public feeling, for the veting will be manipulated. The visit of President Figueras to Barcelona it is believed, will, for the moment, smooth matters in that hethed of Communism where the International has worked hard and has made many proselytes. Three hundred of the society's agents in that town have made 2,000 affilies. The west of Catalonia, of which Barcelona is the capital, will declare itself a separate State, and a battle between the government and the Communists must there be fought. Fortunately Barcelona is no longer a fortified town, otherwise it might defy the efforts of the government when the day of struggle shall arrive. In the last speech made by President Figueras he still expressed federal sentiments, although admitting local government and reserving for the chief executive power simply the administration of the army, the Post Office and the tele-graph lines. The Commune, as understood by Figueras, is not the Commune as intended by Barcelona. The former means local direction of affairs, the latter socialism. Now the government, in order to gain popularity, has, it is feared, committed itself to federal principles. Sooner or later it must break with the "reds." which at present it cannot do, for it has no army or money. Moreover Figueras and his Minister know that whenever the rupture comes, an appeal to arms will be the result. OPINION OF A DEPUTY.

"It is a mistake to believe," exclaimed a Deputy, "that Spain is at heart republican. The Spaniards are an impressionable people, and the recent events in France-the revolution, the Commune-which they watched with intense anxiety, inflamed their minds. For the moment they have lost their heads but in reality they do not desire a federal republic, much less a commune, but a government which will insure order. Whatever may be our faults we are patriotic and desire the welfare of our country. The present promoters are able and energetic. If they would etermine to establish a Republic such as M. Thiers is striving to do in France, we would support them. But they must break entirely with the federals, for we believe a federal republic would be the ruin of Spain. We believe that the govern ment is fully aware of this, and is playing with the federals in order to gain time, for the great question is how to form an army. Our only hope is in the army, and that at present is thoroughly demoralized. Camps should be formed to move the troops from evil influences, and generals ap- have no fears about finding a publisher after the pointed in whom the troops have confidence. Unless this is done the worst may be expected."

THE SPERDY END OF THE REPUBLIC. "What do you think," I inquired, "will be the result of the present crisis? What form of govern-

ment will be established ?" "The actual state of affairs cannot last. Shortly. very shortly, perhaps within fifteen days, everything will be changed. A military chief will take the reigns of power-will, in fact, proclaim himself dictator. With respect to what form of government will ultimately be established our line is already drawn. It will be a monarchy. Who will be King of Spain is another question, but you may rest assured he will not be Don Carlos. The Carlists, in spite of their strength in the north, have ne influence in Spain. Don Carlos is not popular, for his person does not inspire. As a party the Carlists may be said not to exist, for it is held together by one man alone, General Cabrera, an able soldier, but a vulgar, commonplace personage." "Then you are of opinion, without deubt, that

the Alfensists will be triumphant ?" "Well, Don Alfonso has a good chance, and it he were twenty-five instead of fifteen years of age it would not be long before he entered Madrid as King. As it is, he will probably ascend the throne unless Isabella II. should ruin his prospects by her absurd conduct. She has broken connection with the Montpensier party, and continues to be induenced by Marfori and his clique. Thus the mother is doing irreparable injury to the prospects of her

AS GOES MADRID SO GOES SPAIN. Madrid is the key to the whole position. No matter what course may be adopted by Malaga, Valencia, Barcelona and other large towns, Madrid will ultimately decide the future of Spain. This capital will influence the whole country as completely as did Paris influence France, and Madrid is by sentiment and interest anti-republican."

It was evident that in the opinion of all with whom I conversed, instead of approaching smooth water, we are daily drawing nearer the rocks. Political clouds are fast gathering and a hurricane is about to sweep with intense fury over this un fortunate country. It was pointed out to me that the attitude of Catalonia is the cause of great uneasiness to the French government. The Communin Catalonia, adjoining the French frontier, would fan the slumbering fire of the Mido into flame and encourage the admirers of the ex-Dictator Gambetts to unfurl the drapezu rouge. Indeed Barce iona has been well chosen as a base of operations by the International. A Commune once established at that point-and it may be so immediately, unless President Figueras succeeds for the moment in pouring oil upon the troubled waves-will be the signal for a civil war. The radicals are willing, for the cause of order, to support the actual government, but they declare that it is a mistake to suppose they have not sufficient strength to dominate, and that rather than permit the federals to gain the mastery they will actively

The situation is plainly fraught with threatening dangers. Everything indicates that as yet we are but witnessing the first act of a Spanish drama, which for thrilling sensations may cast into the

AN INAUSPICIOUS FORELOOK.

shade the startling scenes of the late Parislan tragedy. To-day, however, advices from Barcelona are of a more cheering character, and it is expected that Figueras will be courteously received; therefore the government may have yet breathing time. With energy the present Ministers may succeed in earning the blessings of their countrymen, but the political horizon is gloomy with storm clouds. Senor Martos, the President of the

Assembly, as you will have heard by telegraph.

tendered his resignation. The choice of a new President lay between the Marquis de Peralies and Señor Rivero. The former refused the henor, and it is probable that one of the Vice Presidents will de until the dissolution or suspen National Assembly.

BOOKS AND PUBLISHERS.

Somebody ought to devote a year or two to as-certaining the peculiar qualities of the American novel.

As the works of our writers come under our notice from time to time we find them, with some exceptions, individually bad. This is not much to be wondered at, for there is really no encourage ment for the American novelist.

If an unknown writer carried the manuscript of a new novel to any of our publishers he would scarcely get a respectful hearing, however brilliant his work, not because there are any cliques in literature, but because the American publisher is naturally the enemy of American letters. One house is publishing six serials, the authors of which are Lord Lytton, Wilkie Collins, Charles Reade, F. W. Robinson, Miss Thackeray and Miss.

Yet the same house did not publish "The Coming Race," though it is certain that if Lord Lytton had been known to be the author it would not have lest the only genuine literary sensation of the last two or three years to one of the minor houses.

Our publishers ought to be called the repub-

They are mostly only the wholesale agents for the orks of English authors and publishers.

Harper's "Library of Select Novels," though 10 comprises nearly four hundred volumes, has not a single American work of fiction.

If the writer of a novel on American society came to us to-morrow with a novel better a thousand times than Dr. Maye's "Never Again," we should not know where to send him, assuring him that he and his work would meet with polite treat-

Outside of fiction there is less difficulty, as is evident from a very handsome book now before us.

Mr. Charles Hallock's excellent volume, "The Fishing Tourist," just published by Harper & Brothers, makes its appearance at the most fitting season of the year—just as the Spring is coming in to remind us of the sports of wood and stream. Though Mr. Hallock calls his work a sort of reference book for anglers and tourists, it has a deeper and prefounder interest for the lovers of nature. Unfortunately the scope and size of the work are not in harmony, and its readers are compelled to be content with a few hints of the haunts of the

sharpen the appetite for more.

A book which may have some interest is a little volume by Seth Wilbur Payne, called "Behind the Bars." It will be remembered that Mr. Payne was sent to the Albany Penitentiary for some words in the Utica Bee, of which he was editor, reflecting on Judge Doolittle. This volume is the record of his prison experience, and, though unphilosophical in tone and thought, it gives some hints of prison lifeand prison fare which are valuable.

As was to be expected, this is about the time fest

American game fish, these hints only serving to

works commemorative of the old anti-slavery leads ers. The latest volume of this kind is a memoir of Samuel J. May, published by Roberts Brothers. To a considerable extent it is autobiography, and it is rich in the flavor of the anti-slavery times. James Miller has just published a new edition of

Mrs. Kirkland's "Holidays Abroad," the two volumes bound together.

Among the other new editions recently issued

are Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr's "Sibyl Huntington," by J. B. Lippincott & Co., and "Wild Times," a tale of persecution in the days of Queen Elizabeth, by Cecilia M. Caddell, published by the Catholic Pe lication Society. All the way from the Pacific coast comes a treat

ise on the "Law of Judgments," by A. C. Freeman, published by A. L. Bancroft & Co. The work is worthy the attention of the legal profession, for if it should not in itself be accepted as an authority it will at least be valuable as an index to authorities on the subject of which it treats.

fat scruting of the Bar of this city and State is the new draft of the Revised Statutes, of which the third part has just been printed. The work of the Commissioners will soon be completed, and it is important that their labors should be thoroughly understood by the Bar and Bench before the Legislature is asked to sanction the compliation.

Few books of real importance are coming from the press, and very few promising freshness of originality are to be expected.

Still a new poet or a new novelist or a new historian may burst upon us at any time, and he need

ART MATTERS.

To-Day and This Evening.

the world has recognized his genius.

At half-past three this afternoon and at eight this evening, the collections to which we alluded yesterday, as being on exhibition at the Leavitz Art Gallery, will be sold at auction at that gallery and not at the salesroom at Clinton Hall. paintings, water-colors, pastels, chromos and engravings will be disposed of in the evening and the

gravings will be disposed of in the evening and the bronzes, statuary, clocks, ornaments. silverware, &c. in the afternoon.

To-night Mme. de H. Hazard will give her penultimate soirée at her rooms, at the intersection of East Seventeenth street and Union place. A number of vocalists, instrumentalists and other pressional artistes will assist, and Mme. Hazard's little gallery of statuary will be thrown open.

Snedecor's Pictures.

Last Thursday we alluded at some length to the best of the contents of the Somerville Art Gallery, occupied as it now is with selections from the rooms of Mr. John Snedecor. The water color drawings are remarkably fine and include recent and imported works from the French, English and American schools. The display will remain open all the week, day and evening. It is, moreover, free. The sale occurs on Menday and Tuesday evenings of next week.

Mr. Louis Durr's Gallery.

Mr. Louis Durr has arranged the second story of the new German Savings Bank, at the intersection of Fourteenth street and Fourth avenue, into six cabinets and hung them with 300 valuable paintings presently to be exhibited. Nine-tenths of these paintings were bought by him in this city these paintings were bought by him in this city during the last fifteen years, and are to be shown for the benefit of the German Hospital in this city. In the first cabinet are hung specimens of the old masters up to the time of Rubens; the second and fourth are deveted to the Dutch and Flemish schools, the third to the French and Italian, the fifth to the Italian and Spanish and the sixth to modern paintings. Very old, very unique and very interesting examples are to be found here.

The Kensett Sale-Finale. The sale of the Kensett pictures, which closed on.

Saturday night, deserves record as one of the most emarkable and interesting that ever took place in this country. Of course this was in a vast measure due to the innate genius of the late Mr. Kensett and to the prestige which his name had equired. But there was also a deep reverence for the man apart from the artist, and it is not beside the mark to admit that the humorous magnetians of Mr. Somerville and the shrewdness and knowledge of the world which his auctions knowledge of the world which his auctionsering experiences have ground into him, had much to do with the glibness and smoothness with which the sales passed off. Besides Moore, Knoedler, Avery, O'Brien. Butler and Fanning of this city, there were Williams & Everett, of Boston; Haseltime, or Philadelphia; Meyer & Hayden, old, Baltimore, and E. Meyer, of Chicago, all of thems well-known picture dealers, and all of whom bought largely. The total result of the six evenings' sales amouted to \$137,715 40. The sales for the six evenings respectively ranged thus:—

Monday, March 24.

Monday, March 24.
Tuesday, March 25.
Wednesday, March 26.
Thursday, March 26.
Friday, March 27.
Friday, March 28.
Saturday, March 29.

AN INSANE WOMAN MISSING.

Mrs. Margaret Neuf, who is partially insane, has been missing from her residence, No. 266 Franklin street, Greenpoint, since nine o'clock, Saturday morning. Mrs. Neuf is forty-six years of age, of light complexion. She wore a light dress, black shawl, white cloud and carriedasmall umbrella.